The stray

old dog, bone in mouth,
scrounges up some sun:

an embarrassment of riches summarizes
this swamp of carnage,
Captains and their Kings long since departed.

These scattered bones were knitted up with names,
ordinary names. Now they're called noble, true
patriot, sacrifice. And the living

are ragged with the possibility
of forgetting till they're blue in the head and gone
in the teeth, and everywhere else.